Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylke can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it *Cuddie*, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

VVilly.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
In *Colins* stede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.

YE wakefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye careless byrds are pryuie to my crye,
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast lulled me oft a sleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did oft augment.
Resort of people doth my greefs augment,
The walled townes do worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull crye,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe
Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, void: and all that may augment
My doole, drawe neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild woddes my sorrowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with crye,
When I them see so waist, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly crye

Most ruthfully to tune. And as my c
(Which of my woe cannot bewray
You beare all night, when nature
Increase, so let your yrksome pells
Thus all the night in plaints, the
I vowed haue to wayst, till sake a
She home returne, whose voyces sil
To cheerefull songs can chaunge
Hence with the Nightingale wil
That blessed byrd, that spends her
In songs and plaintiue pleas, the
The memory of hys misdeede, tha
And you that feele no woe, | when a
Of these my nightly crye | ye hea
Let breake your sounder sleepe | a

Perigot.

O *Colin, Colin*, the shepheards ioye,
How I admire ech turning of th
And *Cuddie*, fresh *Cuddie* the liefest
How dolefully his doole thou di

Cuddie.

Then blowe your pypes shepheard
The night nigheth fast, yts time to

Perigot his Emble

Vincenti gloria

Willyes Emblem

Vinto non vit

Cuddies Emble

Felice chi pu

GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.
Raste) bereft, depriued.

Peregall) equal
Missyent) gon a st